

Justice in Masquerade,

A P O E M.

A Butcher's Son's J — Capital,
Poor Protestants for to enthrall,
And *England* to enslave Sirs.
Lose both our Laws and Lives we must,
When to do Justice we intrust
So known an Errant K — — Sirs.
Some hungry Priests he did once sell
With mighty strokes, and them to Hell
Sent presently away Sirs.
Would you know why, the reason's plain,
They had no *English* nor *French* Coin,
To make a longer stay Sirs.
The Pope to Purgatory sends,
Who neither Money have nor Friends,
In this he is not alone Sirs.
For our J — — to Mercy's not enclin'd,
'Less Gold change Conscience and his mind,
You are infallibly gon Sirs.
His Father once exempted was
Out of all Juries, why? Because
He was a Man of Blood Sirs.
And why the butcherly Son, forsooth,
Should now be Jury and J — — both,
Cannot be understood Sirs.
The good Old Man with Knife and Knocks,
Made harmless Sheep and stubborn Ox,
Stoop to him in his Fury.
But the brib'd Son, like greasy Aulf,
Kneels down and Worships Golden Calf;
And so does all the Jury.
Better thou had'st been at thy Fathers Trade,
An honest lively-hood to have made,
In hamp'ring Bulls with Collers:
Than to thy Country prove unjust,
First sell, and then betray thy trust,
For so many hard Rixdollers.
Priest and Physitian thou did'st save,
From Gallows, Fire and from the Grave,
For which we can't endure thee.
The one can ne're absolve thy sins,
And th' other, though he now begins,
Of Knavery ne're can Cure thee.
But lest we all should end his Life,
And with a keen-whet Chopping-knife,
In a Thousand pieces cleave him.
Let the Parliament first him undertake,
They'll make the Rascal stink at stake;
And so like a K — — let's leave him: